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ECHOES



Volume 9 February 1960 Number 6

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... editorially

Recalling the days when I was a youngster, I remember that my mother used to buy eggs by the crate from a farmer who used to appear, regular as clock-work, each month at our back door. It never failed, through-out the ensuing month, my mother would natter and complain about the eggs being too small, not fresh etc., and yet, for as long as I can remember she never bought her eggs from another source. It was all very confusing to me as I remember it and one day I asked her why she continued getting eggs from the farmer, one George by name, if they were not satisfactory?

My mother patiently explained that it was not so much that the eggs were important, as such, but that George and his family were such good friends and it would entail too much of a change for us to get our eggs elsewhere. It wasn't until much later that I discovered the significance of my mothers explanation. The eggs were not the important thing, the friendship was. But at the time I was nonplussed as to what it was all about and I really wasn't too interested anyhow.

I often wonder how many of us live our lives just the way we actually want to. Humans, being what they are, are a very impressionable being and are susceptably pliant when it comes to conformity. Individuals would find it hard to explain the whys and wherefores of their immediate life since circumstance plays such an important part in everyones life. We all possess our own personal ambitions and goals in life and yet it is so easy to be diverted from that main point in view and become guided by an easily formed habit.

"Getting into a rut" we'll say, and so it is. The prime reason for us getting into these ruts are pressures and problems that we do not wish to face, and it is easier to conform than it would be to push ourselves in the direction of our former ambitions. Most people go through this phase and find a contentment while others meet only grief.

We allow ourselves to be put in the position of "buying the eggs from the same old farmer," acknowledging that at times the eggs are not satisfactory but, what the heck, why change now? A friend of mine once told me there are two kinds of people in this world, thinkers and doers, and I must agree with him. Most of our personal problems arise from the fact that while we dream extravagantly, we produce only moderately, if at all. The rut has an appeal all its own. Which reminds me, wonder when that farmer is gonna get here with those eggs? Sure were a poor lot last month....

THE PRE-RELEASE PROGRAM

First prize in the MOUNTAIN ECHOES Essay Contest. Judged by IRV GRANGER (DALE CARNEGIE INSTRUCTOR) and won by B. HORAN.

I believe it is a terrific program. There are numerous reasons for me feeling the pre-release program is a big step forward in the rehabilitation of inmates and I will endeavour to explain a few.

When a man has served a lengthy period behind these walls, what lies beyond them becomes pretty vague and sometimes distorted. The memories the man is most likely to cherish are those which were pleasant while he is inclined to forget the rough times. He comes to believe, and quite sincerely, that the cure to all his troubles will come with his release date. Believe me, he finds out differently when that day comes. The dreams he courted after lights out all these years soon become a nightmare. He is, and quite understandably so, shocked.

The pre-release program is designed to pre-condition the inmate for life in a free society. It is, in my estimation, a shock absorber - and one that has been sorely needed for years. Being released a "little at a time" doesn't do much to change the circumstances a man must live in but it gives him a more accurate idea of what he is up against. It gives him an opportunity to adjust his dreams to fit reality - and you would be surprised to know just how much adjustment is necessary.

Like I said at the begining, the pre-release program is a terrific idea. There is room for improvement but I feel it will progress with time. I would like to make a couple of suggestions which I feel might be of help.

First of all, I don't think the period is long enough. It is pretty hard for a man to change his whole way of life in a week - not after three, five, ten or fifteen years of confinement. It is difficult adjusting to prison routine (some never do) and it's just as hard re-adjusting to freedom. So I feel it would be a big improvement to extend the length of the pre-release period. Some might require quite a longer period than others so the length should vary with the individual.

Secondly, I feel the program should be offered to all who desire it - disregarding the length of time the man has served. I feel that a man who has been confined in a penitentiary for eighteen months needs a period for re-adjustment too. Perhaps he wouldn't require as long a period as the long-timer but never-the-less, he needs to adapt himself to life as a free man.

I sincerely believe that whether a man is going to return to jail or not depends largely on his first few days of freedom. If his impressions are favourable, it is unlikely he will return. If they are depressing as the time he spent in jail, he won't care too much one way or the other. His impressions can, in a lot of cases, vastly change by the pre-release program. Why restrict it to those who have served a long time when all can benefit?

RECIDIVIDISM OR REFORM

Second prize in the MOUNTAIN ECHOES Essay Contest. Judged by Mr. IRV GRANGER (DALE CARNEGIE INSTRUCTOR) and won by G. RICHARDSON.

During the past ten years there have taken place many innovations to the penal system in Canada. The results of these changes are not too apparent at this date perhaps, but never the less I would venture to say that in time, favorable results will be evident. However, taking even a cursory glance at the pertinent facts and figures that have been compiled with a view of compiling the number of recidivists now serving sentences in the penal institutions of Canada, it would be shown that here is an unusually high number of such men and women. It is only too apparent that our law enforcement agencies and the judicial authorities have only one aim in view, that of punishment. This I would suggest is one of the relevant causes of the offender becoming a recidivist. There are many contributing causes I might add, but it is stressed too often that the onus is placed on the offender himself and just as often the circumstances that have made this man a recidivist are rejected! It is my contention that the recidivist is a direct product of an antiquated and socially biased system of punishment. I do not believe that it is enough to put a man in prison with an "out of sight, out of mind" sanctimony. It must be provided that these offenders are given an opportunity to better themselves, physically and mentally. The day is past where an offender can be incarcerated for a lengthy period of time with only a rockpile or a pitchfork to exact his "hard labor."

Is it sound theory to expect a man or woman to "change" their way of life without an incentive? Too often it has been seen that a man has returned to a life of crime because he simply has not a method of earning a living! This is not fallacy but fact! More emphasis must be placed on rehabilitation in our penal institutions, those incarcerated must be given opportunities to learn trades, they must be given the chance to learn a better way of life. Administrative authorities will admit that their facilities are woefully inadequate in regards to trade instructors and personnel but such problems can be overcome. Surely it would be less costly to re-organize the school and trades departments of our institutions than to accept these same recidivists, year after year? In this present day and age the true issues are very often clouded with the advent of costs and financial difficulties and the individual is forgotten. It would be assinine to suggest that all offenders would renounce their chosen ways of life but *I am sure* then that there would be some very definite decline in the number of recidivists or potential recidivists. It is an accepted fact that men become "institutionalized," this a state of lethargy of mind and body, has its effect on all who are incarcerated. The degree of effect on each individual, is the only discernment. What has an adverse effect on one may not affect another and so any beneficial programming must have in mind the need of the individual rather than a strictly pat-

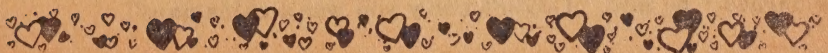
Jack Chisholm

In fact, there isn't very much that a kiss can't do.

There's nothing quite as wonderful as a little kiss.

Has made so many Mrs. from what was just a Miss.

While you're puckerd up and willing to give or take A Kiss!



RAMBLINGS

Slippery Syd



One of these days I'm agonna do it! Yessiree, one of these days I'm agonna up an' get me a hoss! I've been hearin' so dadgummed much about cowboy doin's that I'm gonna do it! "Slippery Sid, the Cowboy Kid," they'll all be acallin' me.

There had better be some drastic policy changes made in the fuedin' outside world or I'll be doin' nothin', permanently, before long. The way things are goin' between the larger nations of the world I'd not be too surprised to find myself floatin' around in outer space from the effects of a nuclear blast. This old world, pear-shaped or not, will stand so much and no more. Somebody inform the powers that be that we'll be quite happy to live our lives out to a ripe old age. And that we'll not do so if they continue shakin' nuclear bombs at each other. I'm only a number in this upside down world but I'd sure like to know that I'll be 'round come discharge day! I'd also like to be assured that the world I'm to be released into won't be a ravished mess. Come on folks let's find somethin' less potent to play with, like maybe, B.B. guns!

My uncle once said that I was a chip of the old block. Forthwith my father ordered him out of the house! Said he wasn't goin' to be insulted in his own house! I got quite a laugh out of it at the time, of late though, I've found myself wonderin' just what I was laughin' at! I'm gonna sit down and figure that one out one of these days!

Speakin' of my uncle; I recall an incident that ocoured when I was a mere slip of a lad. I was runnin' through a clump of shubeery when I stepped on an open sardine can and received quite a gash in my foot. My uncle was sittin' on our porch at the time, havin' been imbibin', he was in no pain. At any rate he took one look at my foot and suggested that the best cure for such a cut was a basin of milk! He was busily engaged in pourin' the milk into the basin when my mother arrived on the scene. She let out one yelp and uncle took off, makin' Bannister's four minute mile look sick! In only seconds he was out of sight with nothin' but a vapor trail to show that he'd ever been near!

Some while back, on a Saturday morning, I was takin' things easy in my cell when a song by Pat Boone came on the air. For some time I had wanted the words to it so I grabbed pen and paper and began takin' it down in short-hand. I was busily scribblin' away when I noticed someone had stopped outside my cell. Not wantin' to miss any of the words I didn't bother to look up, but continued scribblin. When the song was over I looked up to see who it was. Here was this little fellow, peerin' through the bars, with his face all wrinkled up in puzzlement. "Well, I'll be darned," he said, "I didn't know you was a chinaman!"

Alcoholics Anonymous

Dave Windsor

Who says we're not alcoholics? I defy anyone that says we aren't. Because we don't wear old and dirty clothes and sleep in back alleys; because we don't have an empty wine bottle beside us; because we don't bum on the streets; because we've never been brought to court on a drunk charge; is that why you say we aren't alcoholics? Or is it because you don't want to believe that a loved one of yours could possibly be such a despicable creature? That's what you have been led to believe all these many years, isn't it? That an alcoholic is the lowest form of humanity there is? That may be true when he is drunk but when he is sober, isn't he the most charming, gentle and loving person you know? Sure he is! Why, then, do you frown upon him when he says, "I'm an alcoholic!"

But, whether drunk or sober, he is still an alcoholic and he will be for twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year until the day he dies. He's not a man to be frowned upon, to be scorned, but a man that should be helped. And that help can come from you, his loved ones. Believe me, through all his drunken binges, he does love you.

Help? You ask! How can I help a man that appears to be beyond help? How can I, a mere human, help a man who, for all I know, has committed every known vice when drunk; has been a monster with no thoughts of me or his family when he stays out all night; how can I help him?

First, by agreeing with him. If he says he's an alcoholic, he must be one because he's the only one who knows. There is no doctor, scientist or what-have-you alive, that can claim the powers of judging another man "alcoholic" or "non-alcoholic." He has spent many painful hours, days and even years arriving at the answer. Would he be wrong after surviving the tortures of hell itself?

Next, I quote from the Alcoholics Anonymous "Big Book." Under the heading, "To Wives" we have, "Our next thought is that you should never tell him what he must do about his drinking. If he gets the idea that you are a nag or a killjoy, your chance of accomplishing anything useful may be zero. He will use that as an excuse to drink more. He will tell you that he is misunderstood. This may lead to lonely evenings for you....."

Years ago, before the advent of AA, the wives and loved ones wondered where they were failing in keeping their husbands at home and away from alcohol. Today, through the experiences of thousands of alcoholic's wives and alcoholics themselves, they know. To list all the reasons would fill a book but, in a very condensed form, it comes to "problems." Pressing problems, either in the home, on the job or in the alcoholic himself. Instead of reprimanding her alcoholic husband on his drinking, they have found that the alcoholic's wife should talk his problem out of him. Not forcing him to talk but, arising to the opportunity, gently lead the conversation towards his problem and eventually helping him to solve it.



MODERN TREATMENT OF THE CRIMINAL

by W.P. Archibald

Dominion Parole Officer

circa 1907

The following article is reprinted in part from a report submitted by Mr. Archibald to his superiors in the year 1907. Some fifty-three years have passed since this report was written and it is interesting to note that he presented ideas which, at the time, must have sounded startling. It also portrays a sincerity which reflects the thoughts and problems encountered by penologists of this present day. - Ed.

However viewed, crime presents a great many pressing and perplexing problems. Many systems have been inaugurated during the last half century, all pointing to the betterment of our social life and it is a hopeful sign, and one of progress also, to know that our Canadian people are thinking seriously on criminal problems. The man who remains a criminal is a constant menace to society; also to the life and property of the individual or the state. He is a tremendous burden upon the state financially, and ethically. He is an abiding heart-ache for any with a feeling of pity or an inspiration for the nobility and progress of humanity.

The criminal is not an isolated fibre, but a condition of life closely interwoven with all that goes to make our complex social fabric. He is not an isolated, but an associated, factor. He is something more than a relic from past ages. He is not a mere revision to a primitive type of humanity, but an actual, if imperfect, member of our present society. The criminal is still a man, something more than a curious anatomical specimen of humanity that some would have us believe. Whatever he may have done, he is part of that co-operate life in which we all live, and have our being. I do not believe the criminal act to be a strange deed of a remote and non-human order of being, nor the outcome of satanic promptings, but a part of the conduct of one who is linked in a thousand and one ways with his fellows.

The act is anti-social, anarchic and destructive, but to understand the actor we must revert to his social conditions and human relations. So, likewise, we trace our criminal problems to their true rootage and treat them successfully only when we can understand the case from a broad and scientific viewpoint, seeing

in the criminal a social unit not unified, a social factor not socialized and an ethical possibility not realized. We must set the criminal in the form of general history from the days of Cain, illuminate him by a knowledge and a philosophy of human nature, and a psychology that takes account of all facts, and goes far enough beyond nerves and grey matter to reach the real man with a will, a hope, and a conscience.

Following up all these impressions made in the reconstruction of prisoners, I am anxious to create a deeper interest, and in some localities, a conscience among the people of our vast Dominion, to see that no one is left standing outside of a Canadian penal institution on the day of his release, without a friend to aid, or the opportunity to follow up the good impressions often made upon the prisoners while under authority. My own experience with convicts has been chiefly with discharged or paroled prisoners, and from a close touch with these men I have studied their habits and motives while under the law and after their release. We must strive earnestly for the day when patrons or friends will be on hand to receive the discharged prisoner, having arranged employment and a helpful environment to assist the unfortunate and erring into a life of good citizenship.

What the discharged man needs is a friend providing him the opportunity to rise and do better on the causeway of redemption. A man is not to be helped because he is a prisoner, but because he is a man in a needy condition. I have no sympathy with the principle that you are to buy a man off from preying on society by making things easy or wafting the gentle breezes of good fortune in his direction. Bribe-bought citizenship is worthless, I have known some, so destitute of conscience, that they cater to the society or the man who would do the most for them in the way of 'loaves and fishes' without giving thought to reformation. For one class going out or in of prison, it is only too true that you cannot help them. They generally help themselves. We still have a small percentage of the recidivist class to deal with. Why should this man be given his discharge at all is a question often asked. Our very despair of helping this class of professional criminals emphasizes the need of beginning the work of purifying society farther up the stream, at the fountains of youth.

This is where the germs of confirmed criminality first take root and develop. Time and again I have heard from the lips of prisoners the pathetic confessions of a wayward and disobedient childhood, of passions indulged and of habits formed without efficient guidance and restraint, hence the moral wreck. There is an obligation, not to the discharged prisoner, but to the possible criminal, looking out upon a new world through the eyes of innocent childhood.

Circumstances are not the cause of crime. Man is the cause of crime. Circumstances are but the occasions for it's commitment. Men may, and do, commit crime in spite of circumstances and the best of social surroundings. There is in every man the possibility of crime. This consideration magnifies and emphasizes the problem.

Whoozat? Me?

Jack Chisholm —

"You hideous hobo . . . you worthless fiasco!
You no-good abominable . . . phew!

You promised the last time, you were finished with crime,
What's the good of a promise from you?"

"Your kith and your kin have renounced you to sin,
They don't want your contemptable coo:

You begged and cajoled, you borrowed and stole,
From all, that had trust in you!"

"You promised and lied, and laughed when they cried,
You thought you were smart all the time,

No . . . ! Don't go away, before I can say,
The things I have on my mind!"

"Don't you like it out there? You don't like it here!
Where night after night you must pine,

For those lips sweet as wine, the things that you miss,
You faded to bitter from bliss!"

"You're a nincompoop chum, you're a gink and a bum!
You destroy by design and device,

All the joys and the hopes of the wonderful folks,
Who loved you and thought you were nice!"

"But day after day, for as long as you stay,
I'm going to keep talking to you,

So pay heed to me . . . because ol' J.C.
I'm your mirror . . . and I ought to know!"

Every playwright ought to try acting, just as every public prosecutor
should spend some weeks in jail—to find out what he is meting out to others.

Erich Maria Remarque



" ..Certatnly I was invited for dinner!! But this is ridiculous!



"It Seems To Me...."

Richie Richardson

...that I was very surprised, to say the least, to hear via the radio, that in this day and age an entire community of people was in the position of going hungry. These Indian citizens of the Sandy Bay Indian reserve certainly should be given all the help that is needed to take care of them and their families. We are in the midst of a World Refugee Year and are sending foodstuffs, medicine and money to the under-privileged peoples of Europe, currently sick and destitute people are being brought to Canada. All this is a very fine endeavor but I for one am a firm believer in that charity begins at home. At time of printing there have been measures taken to provide the Sandy Bay band with employment but will this condition arise next year? Such conditions can surely be arrested before they become too serious, it hardly seems possible that in such a rich and prosperous country as Canada is, that people must go hungry!

...that we are getting down to earth once again, in the field of popular music. The ballads and so forth that are coming out now are so easy on the ears as compared to that other banging of pots and pans! Heard somewhere that Elvis is considering re-inlisting, could be he's tired of supporting the American Government! Deep in the Heart of Taxes!

...that if the House of Commons does away with the Death Penalty the next step should be the revision and/or the discarding of the Habitual Criminal Act! Then, and only then, will we be on the road to modern reform that is being practiced in Scandinavian countries. It has been proven time and time again, that the present system has little, and often no merit. One cannot cure a man of criminal tendencies by holding the fear of death or life imprisonment over his head.

...that I read a couple of little quotes some time ago that made a lot of sense, and if put into daily practice would certainly make this old world a much better and easier, place in which to live. One was; "Grant that I may not criticize a man until I have walked a mile in his moccasins." Another was; "It is better to keep your mouth shut and let people think you are a fool than to open it and remove all doubt!" So much for those little gems!

...that lately it doesn't seem to pay for one to take a trip by air, (not that I have any plans for such a move in the near future). With all these Explorer Satellites etc., flying about, doesn't it seem probable that there is a need for a traffic comptroller 'r somethin' up there? And that poses a question, how are they going to stabilize the Stop lights and parking meters?

...that Father Bedford and his fine colleagues at St. Paul's College deserve many thanks for bringing out their fine basket-ball team to open our season. The pleasure was all ours and it was indeed a privilege to play against them, even if they did trounce us! The more I think of a Home and Home series the better I like it!

...that the man in the radio room has a most thankless task. With some four hundred different tunes to cater to he must make do with only two channels! To add to the difficulty there is then a brainless individual, who, not liking what's on the air, proceeds to muck about with the wiring and so adds to the misery of the rest of the block. So let's give the radio man a break, fellows, and ask ourselves if we could do any better.

...that if a certain Echo printer misses many more clean cut goals on set ups from a certain Canadian defenseman, said defenseman could become very frustrated. Don't fret, Doug, the trouble can't be short time! (but it isn't) Must be sufferin' from that old Hawaiian disease!

...that after knocking the Department of Justice so much; I must admit that they have not done themselves in the commutation of the fourteen year old that was under sentence of death. Their idea of placing the boy in a rehabilitation centre rather than a penitentiary is one I must concur with, wholeheartedly! With the proper care and handling this boy will quite easily become a credit to this country instead of a debit. Yes, Canada is slowly becoming a modern country in the administration of justice, and it does take time, that we all know!

...that I sure enjoy Doug Burrows' Paddock show, I miss the sign-off recording tho', Doug, we uns just don't stay up that late. Hows for playing it a little earlier, say 'round eleven? Can you read me, Doug?

And so, wrapping it up for another month I'll say Bye B.



"...An' it wuzn't till we come runnin' outta the bank that we seen some dirty crook had stolen the car!"



BAND CONCERT



D. Windsor

The auditorium is hushed, only a slight muffled cough can be heard from the expectant audience. In the background, various instruments are lightly running up and down the music scale. Here, a piccolo, with it's shrill and lilting notes. There, a tuba, with it's deep and throbbing growl. The lights are dimmed as the conductor steps onto the podium and raises his baton for attention.

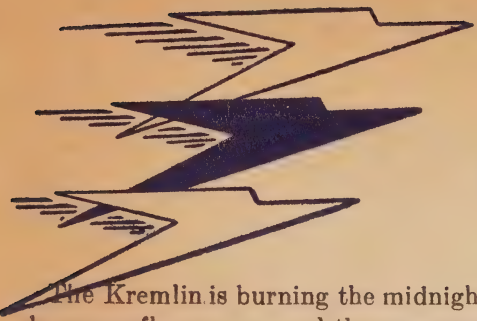
Carnegie Hall? New York Philharmonic Orchestra? Hardly! The site was here in the S.M.P. auditorium, and the band was the Winnipeg Grenadiers Army (Reserve) brass band under the leadership of W.O.1 Les Hall.

This band is the most versatile group of musicians I've ever had the pleasure of hearing. They opened with the first of five marches played during the concert, the Southerner, which, I'm sure, must be their theme or marching song. The four other marches were: Colossus of Columbia, Cavalry of the Clouds, Voice of the Guns, and Salute to Dad - written by the director, Les Hall, in tribute to his father the former Winnipeg Grenadier band leader. To the astonishment of the audience, the band immediately turned to the classics. The first being an Overture-Tancredi written by G. Rossini. I blush when I think of this particular number because, not being "hep" to classical music, who applauded at the end of the overture's first part? You guessed it! I'm sure the band members were astonished by the hearty reception of this and other "long hair" numbers, especially the one titled Suite-Ballet Parisien. It consisted of five parts; An overture, a waltz, a gallop, another waltz, and finally the finale: The Can Can Dance! There were no chorus girls visible but I'm almost certain there were many visions of high-kicking young ladies in the minds of those in the audiences.

Reaching into their bag of tricks, and the past, the band came up with their tribute to Glenn Miller. Detectable to the writer's ear, were such old favorites as Little Brown Jug, Tuxedo Junction and Moonlight Serenade. A very pleasing rendition of the late, great Glenn Miller, indeed.

Continually showing their versatility, the band moved from the rhythmic beat of march music, to the classics; to waltzes; to the mellow tones of Glenn Miller, and to the foot-stomping, finger-snapping rhythm of Dixieland. Out of a total of thirty - two band members, I believe all eyes (band members included) were on the ageless drummer identified only as Sarge. Dixie-land music must be his second love, if his actions and antics, on the skins, were any indication. No amount of writing could possibly describe this number, and Sarge. We'll be talking about him for quite awhile, he you put on a magnificent performance.

Speaking to the band leader, Warrant Officer Les Hall, after the concert, we were told that he has been studying music for thirty - five years, six of them with the Grenadiers. We also learned, from an anonymous source, that Mr. Hall had his own band previously. It's quite understandable, especially when you see him at work. Working under a slight handicap (the comings and goings of the audience) the band and Mr. Hall did a terrific job. Those who stayed until the final march, Voice of the Guns, certainly appreciate your efforts and we hope to see you back again soon.



"IF NUCLEAR WAR SHOULD COME"

B. Maltman

The Kremlin is burning the midnight oil. In the wee hours of the morning, the doors are flung open and the masters of the U.S.S.R. file out, grim faced and silent. In one hour, Soviet bombers and death dealing missiles will be swiftly winging their way towards the unsuspecting West - - - towards the U. S. A. and Canada. Yes, the leaders of Communism have just now cast their nation into all out war, with no declaration to their sleeping enemies.

I have heard some say, "Let it come!" Let it come indeed. This wouldn't be "war" in the sense that we have come to understand the word. One word could never describe the appalling nature of such a disaster. A disaster that would be completely incomprehensible to man. War, to man, has a ringing sound of adventure to it; a vision of himself as a warrior in shining armour; visions of hand to hand combat. But, in reality, these dreams and visions are rudely shattered. Man very rarely sees the enemy he is shooting at, let alone fighting him in hand to hand combat.

If nuclear war should envelope the world, puny rifles and machine guns would be as sling-shots against the swift, accurate and death-dealing missiles and rockets. With A-Bombs or H-Bombs, there would be a drone of engines, a sudden whistling, a blinding flash accompanied by a body filling whoosh of sound, then ---- nothing. The immediate victims would be left as eddying piles of ashes, as dismembered blobs of flesh. In the urban areas, bodies would be draped about in grotesque forms or as screaming, running human torches. Houses and buildings (those left) would be flaming morgues, the others would be disintegrated. Entire cities and towns would disappear. This would be nuclear war. Does this have a ring of adventure, of hand to hand combat?

It is a simple thing for one to say, "so what! It wouldn't happen here. This isn't the U.S." It is equally true that the one who says such a thing is as simple as the statement. Make no mistake about it, such a war, if it could be called war, will be fought in *our* skies over *our* homes. Look closely at the map of the world. Where is the most direct route from Russia to the U.S.? Through the heart of Canada! It would be hard to believe that these missiles are so accurate that they can be pin-pointed onto a target without falling short — that Soviet bombers wouldn't be intercepted and shot down. And where would they fall? Into our back-yards! And where would these bombers eject their bombs? Into our back-yards! In considering this, you must also consider the possibility of Canadian cities being prime targets as well as U.S. cities.

"We'll have a warning!" Yes, we'll have a warning - - - approximately fifteen minutes warning. The world today is not as the world of yesterday where it took days to cross the ocean. Today a missile will cross the ocean in a matter of min-

utes. This is not the day of manned bombers or fighters or of hand to hand combat but of sudden death. One day you may be eating dinner peacefully and in the next minute be dead by a nuclear bomb blast. Hiroshima and Nagasaki are good examples. And that was the first Atomic bomb.

It would be foolish to think that such weapons would be banned in the event of a Third World War. Who would ban them? Gas was banned in the last war but it must be noted that both sides were producing gases in huge quantities. And make no mistake about it, Germany would have used gas had the allies invaded faster than Germany expected. Many of the leading German officers were opposed to Hitler's Regime and this was probably the factor dissuading Hitler from issuing the "gas order". With Russia it would be a different story. The U.S.S.R. is an unconquered, eight million square miles of rough and rugged country. If she thought that she was facing the possibility of being conquered, out would come - - - not gas - - - but H-Bombs and guided missiles. Does this still sound like an adventure? Not to me!

CORRECTION

In the January issue of the Echoes an error was made in the mention concerning the Debates held by the Indian Brotherhood. The speaker was Clarence Bunn and not Eli Bunn as was printed. Our apologies.

THANK YOU

HOW TO DO A GOOD BIT

by G. O'loughlin

reprint from THE COLONY

First of all, when you come in, find out who the hep gees are and hang around with them.

This way you don't get into trouble . . . not too much anyhow! This also puts you in good with a bunch that will talk you up around the bastille. Do this right, and you're in!

Next, pick a soft job. One with a lot of off-time and not too much work. Steer clear of Legal Medicine, School and all these "Do Good" programmes. They give you a bad rep with the guys that really count.

You're underway now and the next thing to do is con your boss into getting you a helper to take care of the details that are lousing up your job. When you get all these trivialities squared away you're ready to move up.

Now here's where publicity is important. Get it around how you've pulled plenty of real capers. Don't be afraid to add a little here. Build yourself up. That's not all though . . . don't forget to project yourself. Let out a few tips on the big jobs you plan to do when you get out. Telling a few officers could help here.

This done well, you've almost arrived! At this point don't be worried about taking a few lock-ups in segregation. Throw your weight around! You've a lot of friends by now and they'll like this action!

Next comes an important phase. But not too hard to get by. There's plenty you can do . . . beef a lot, break some rules. Try and foul up some of these squares that go by the book. There's lots of ways to get even with these cons that steer clear of you. And by this time you know them all.

A good policy is to be loud, especially in your cell after lock-up, hum, whistle etc., all these slobs who want to study or read in peace don't know which end is up anyhow. Name names and you'll shake up the schnooks trying to do a quiet bit!

This done you've made it! You've got no work and a rep! All cons, except the hipsters, stay away from you . . . best of all, the officers don't ever bother you except for things like locking you up and things like that.

Thats it! Now you're ready to write the Board. Three years have gone by. It seems like ten years because in this lousy can a guy pulls slow-w-w-w time. But you've beat them, the screws, the warden, the whole crummy out-fit . . . and every one in this stinking joint knows it!And so does the parole board

P. S.

When you finish this bit, SOLID, you'll do much easier time, next bit!

COUNTRY BOY

TO

BITTER MAN

Tony Anthony



He was just a plain young country boy
He'd never been around
He was just a plain young country boy
Until he went to town
He met some fellows in a bar
They drank both rum and ale
And when he woke up in the morn
He found himself in jail
The police they charged him with some theft
He was sentenced to five years
They hauled him off to Stony Pen
Amid his falling tears
He was just a plain young country boy
Until he went to town
At first he found it kind of rough
He thought too much of home
He thought about his gal out there
And how he couldn't roam
And then he changed, just like the rest
He laughed at how he'd cried
And when he finished serving time
They set him free outside
Straight away he robbed a bank
He shot the banker dead
And after he was hanged and gone
His obituary read
He was just a plain young murdering fool
He'd never been much use
He was just a plain young murdering fool
Born to fill a noose. .



BASKETBALL

Staff Written

The local hoopsters, at this date have played three home games but have yet to post a victory. Playing a close to the chest game the homers have managed to hold their own during the first halves of these contests but seem to run out of gas in the final stages of the games. The coaching duties for the S.M.P. team are being handled by Harry Lee with the assistance of Jack Mac Kay. Ken Marcino is the time and score keeper. Al Epp is the statistician. Special thanks to Father Bedford of St. Pauls College who has been the mentor and promoter of these Sunday afternoon games.

S. M. P. Locals line-up.

Lombaert, Whiteley, "Yogi", Moore, Ducharme, Sullivan,
Richardson, Cooper, Settee and Maltman.

St. Paul's.....54 Locals.....31

Playing a more defensive than an offensive game both teams held the scoring down to a minimum during the first half of the first contest. St. Paul's put on the pressure in the second half to out score the Locals by some twenty-three points.

Ryan was the big gun for the St. Paul's group with fourteen points to his credit. Yost garnered ten, Long had eight points. The remainder of the winning markers were ably scored by Westlake, Burns, Costelli, Topping and Doucette.

For the Locals Ken Ducharme and Ernie Lombaert led the way with nine points each. Whiteley followed with eight points and "Yogi" rounded out the scoring with a five point effort.

Silver Heights Celtics....54 Locals....39

January 24th. saw a fast action packed game in which the visitors once again came out the victors. The Locals just don't seem to be able to keep up a sustained attack and while they show well in the early stages of the game, they falter in the latter.

Alsop and Simmons were the high point getters for the Celtics with twelve and ten points respectively. Cara notched nine, Thornson toted away eight points with the remainder of the scoring going to Brister, Tregaskis, Torginson and Minaker.

"Yogi" led the Locals in points in a losing cause with sixteen points, the highest scorer of the encounter. "Ozark" Whiteley managed to hoop ten points with Lombaert, Ducharme, Cooper and Maltman getting the remainder of the Locals' mark-ups.

St. Boniface College.....78 Locals.....47

This contest proved to be the worst drubbing our Locals have suffered thus far this season. St. Boniface playing a wide open style of ball handling and passing led the home team 44 - 39 at the half.

Beaudier led the St. Boniface marksmen with a healthy twenty-five point endeavor. Two more very hungry cagers were Reust and Aiariore with twenty-three and nineteen points respectively. Tremblay, Fontaine, Leblancor put the finishing touches to this rout. Tremblay, a young guard with St. Boniface was a standout on offense as well as defence, and his ball handling set up the majority of the Colleges' scoring.

"Yogi" topped the Locals' scoring with nineteen points, "Ozark" Whitely played a usual steady game and gathered ten points. Ducharme, Settee, Sullivan and Lombaert sco ed the remainder of the homers' points.

★ All Star Hockey ★

D. Hambleton

WINNIPEG TRANSIT-3 ALL STARS-7

Playing fast and checking close, the Stars got their second win of the season when they defeated the Winnipeg Transit on Jan. 31st.

Opening up the scoring in the first period, the Stars got their first goal at the five minute mark. They scored again near the halfway mark before the Transit team tied the score with two quick goals. The Stars made it 3-2 just before the end of the period.

In the second, the Stars scored twice as the Transit scored their third, and what was to be their last goal of the game.

As they chalked up two more goals, the Stars could feel proud of the way they were playing. It was their best game of the season from where I watched.

Scoring for the winners were, Mc Coeeye, Benning and Mitchell with two goals apiece. Condon got the other one. Parker was instrumental in this win as he got four assists and set up many more plays that would have added to the total if they had worked.

For the losers it was Robinson leading the way with two unassisted goals, and Charron scoring the other one, assisted by Kendall.

TOBANS-14 ALL STARS-4

The All Stars fought it out with the Tobans on Feb. 7th. and it was a losing battle right from the start.

Tobans opened up as they scored before two minutes were gone in the first period. Bennett of the Stars tied it up as he scored unassisted. Then the Tobans, with a man in the penalty box, came up with two quick goals. When they were at full strength again they scored twice more before the end of the period.

In the second period the Tobans were held to two goals by the spectacular goal tending of the Stars' Vince Marrese.

Tobans seemed to explode in the third period as they came out and tallied up seven more goals. The Stars scored three times in a vain attempt to catch up, but Tobans, with their back-checking and smooth passing (seemed they had a sixth sense) were there to put a stop to any further plays.

Scoring for the winners were, Smith, with five goals, D. rmanski was next with four, J.Dorman got two, Mouldy, G.Dorman and Mitchell each had one apiece.

For the Stars Bennett, Stuart, Meccas and Condon each tallied once.

INTRA-MURAL HOCKEY

Richie Richardson

RED WINGS . . 5 LEAFS . . 1

The REDWINGS continued on the win trail by blasting the winless LEAFS to the tune of 5-1. The LEAFS stayed with the high flying WINGS through the first period but ran out of gas in the latter part of the contest.

The scoring for the WINGS was handled by Ironsted, Berryman and Baluk with one goal and an assist each. McLean played a standout game on the blueline and picked up a single goal and a trio of assists. Meccas notched the other marker on a pass from Smoke and Ironsted.

The LEAFS lone tally was scored by Stan(Rebel)Settee on a solo rush. Smith played a steady game in the nets as a fill-in for J. Mitchell.

CANADIANS . . 4 HAWKS . . 1

In a real Pier-Sixer the CANUCKS came from behind to trounce the HAWKS soundly, 4-1. The win put the CANADIANS into first place with the WINGS. The game showed some rough, tough hockey along with some very fine passing and playmaking. The two opposing net minders showed exceptionally well in this contest.

Marks, of the HAWKS opened the scoring early in the first period on a pass-out from Roulette. Richardson tallied on a relay from Laycock and Lieshman to tie up the old ball game. No more goals were to be scored in the first period. The CANUCKS pulled out in front midway through the second period with Strong taking Richardson's pass and slipping the rubber past Paquin in the HAWK net. Berryman then scored on a solo effort. The final goal was scored by G. Mitchell taking a pass from Berryman and Richardson in the dying minutes of the game.

REDWINGS . . 3 CANADIANS . . 2

Backed by some sterling goaltending by Dave Windsor, sharpshooting by Mike Baluk and a couple of defensive lapses by the CANADIANS the WINGS came from behind to edge the CANUCKS 3-2, and move into undisputed first place in the S. M. League. Reportedly this was the best game viewed so far this season and there was plenty of slam-bang action.

Berryman opened the scoring for the CANADIANS poking home a double relay from G. Mitchell and Doug (Zazu) Derocher past Windsor. Severight made it 2-0 when he beat Windsor again on a deflection on passes from Richardson and Berryman. The WINGS came back roaring in the third when Jimmie "Hawk" Sutherland rapped Baluk's pass by Vivier. Baluk tied the knot at 2-2 as he took McLean's pass to go in unmolested and whip the puck home. The CANUCKS took the only penalty of the game with less than a minute to go, this was the deciding factor as Mike Baluk potted the winning tally with fifteen seconds remaining in the game.

HAWKS . . 4 LEAFS . . 1

The hapless LEAFS picked up three replacements but the HAWKS proved too much for them once again. A very close checking game showed both goal tenders turning in creditable efforts, Paquin for the HAWKS, Mitchell for LEAFS.

Gendron put the HAWKS ahead as he rammed home a goal on a pass from Stewart. Richardson (one of the replacements) tied up the game on a long drive from the blueline that was screened from Paquin's view. The HAWKS power began to tell and they pulled away from the LEAFS on goals by Marks from Roulette, Kolega unassisted and finally Ibey from Vezina. The win moved the HAWKS into a second place tie with the CANUCKS and left the luckless LEAFS in the cellar, winless in five starts.

CANADIANS . . 3 LEAFS . . 1

The CANADIANS had a tough time of it this time out against the improved LEAFS but managed to eke out a 3-1 win. Jack Mitchell, an ex-CANUCK, was a standout in the LEAF nets, as he closed the door time and time again against his former teammates. Hank Vivier played his usual steady game but had to be sharp when a couple of CANADIAN defensive lapses had him in trouble.

"Runnin Bear" Berryman scored for the CANUCKS on a pass from Mitchell to open the scoring. Wesley, the big LEAF centerman deadlocked the game, making a rink length dash to outguess Vivier. Mitchell and Berryman combined once again to score, this time Mitchell triggering home Berryman's rebound. With five minutes left to play Richardson put an insurance tally away on a solo effort.

HAWKS . . 6 WINGS . . 4

The WINGS usually strong defensive game just wasn't there and they blew a 3-1 lead and finally losing to a fired-up HAWK club to the tune of 6-4 Windsor and Paquin played steady games in their respective nets but Windsor lacked the defense that is needed in front of a net. He was kept hopping by a very determined HAWK club.

John Roulette had himself a big day for the HAWKS scoring three goals and setting up another, Moe Marks banged home a brace and also notched an assist. Koskie picked up the remaining goal along with two assists. Single assists went to Lexier and Gendron.

Joe Meccas was the big gun for the WINGS connecting for two goals. "Ozark" Whiteley and Mike Baluk collected the other WING tallies. Ironsted played a steady game and had two assists. Jimmy "Hawk" Sutherland and McLean also picked up assists.

Thats all for this month. In the next issue we will have a partial coverage of the start of the play-offs. R.R.

PENAL ECHOETTES

D. Windsor

- ISLAND LANTERN:** McNeil Island; I certainly enjoyed your Dec. edition, but especially liked "What is a Little Girl?" It was truly a heart-warming story and appropriate for that time of year. I can't reprint it, but I do suggest that all Exchange Editors read it. Keep up the good work fellows.
- THE REFLECTOR:** Pendleton, Ind; Quote H.C. Brown - Editor, "It's time the public made up its uncertain mind whether it wants felon prisoners rehabilitated or merely isolated for a time' then released....perhaps worse criminals than before their prison experience. The public must choose between reformation and incarceration. It cannot have both, nor a combination of the two," unquote. This is certainly food for thought, especially when it concerns a youngster or first-timer.
- THE SPECTATOR:** Jackson, Mich.; Ah yes! Hannibal "The Bear." Whether he be 1882 or 1960 version, I think we all have Hannibal in our respective places of temporary residence. Look around! Am I right? I've been following his escapades for quite sometime now, but I've failed to discover how much time he was doing.
- THE BULLETIN:** Montgomery, Ala.; Congradulations on your first printed edition. I, personally, didn't recognize your mag., when it came, but when I saw the usual excellant articles I knew it was The Bulletin. I know just how you felt when you received the press. We felt the same, but were quickly disillussioned. Our shop was too small to accomodate it. Wish you luck with your future editions.
- PAAHAO PRESS:** Honolulu, Hawaii; After prying ye old editor away from the cover, I had the opportunity to view Hawaii's Goodwill Ambassador to Canada. At this time of year (winter 20 - 30 below zero) the radio and newspapers are advertising: "Visit Hawaii, only \$385." But you have, in some 48 pages, all that a "Canuck" should ever want....except the weather. I suppose the closest I'll ever get to Hawaii is your mag., or a Howaiian guit-box. Keep up the good work fellows.
- THE ATLANTIAN:** Atlanta Georgia; To all our Canadian and American readers : If you want to read the most up to date and documentary report on prisons, prisoners and what is being done with them, I proudly suggest you get the Atlantian. Specifically the Fall and Winter edition. Fellows I'm just one of the thousands, I'm sure, who congratulate you on such a triumph; "Prison Pro Tempore." By the way, where did you find those statements made by Frank O. Miller? Tsk. Tsk.

CENSUS

January 25 — February 17

High number	8027
Low number	4739
Recieved	16
Transferred In	0
Transferred Out	0
Discharged	10
Tickets-Of-Leave	0
Deported	0
Escapes	0
Deaths	0
Population	410

UGH!



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